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**Rev. John Crummer**







**JOHN CRUMMER**



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*John Cammanen*



MARY S. CRUMMER.



SKETCH OF THE LIFE  
OF  
REV. JOHN CRUMMER  
1816—1890

AN ITINERANT MINISTER  
OF THE  
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

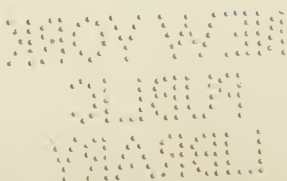
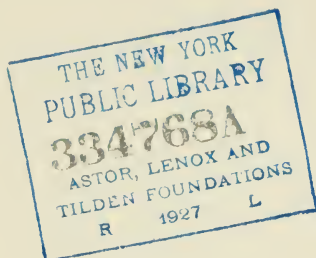
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WILBUR F. CRUMMER, Oak Park, Illinois  
JOHN A. CRUMMER, Pocahontas, Iowa

1916





## PREFACE

Believing that the relatives and friends of my father, Rev. John Crummer, would be interested in having a short history of his life and work, I have gathered what material was available and compiled it in this little volume.

The records of the trials and hardships of the early itinerant Methodist preachers of the Northwest, in the early days of Methodism commencing in 1835, and the years that followed, we of the present day know nothing; nor of how these brave, heroic men of God toiled and suffered, not for worldly goods but for the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God. Surely, great shall be their reward in the Kingdom of Heaven.

The first part of this book is a short sketch as written by my father, which, although brief, is not without intense interest to us of the younger generation. The latter part contains some selections from his writings, and an appreciation of his life. Also, an appreciation of Mother's life by my sister, Harriet H. Blake.

WILBUR F. CRUMMER.



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# REV. JOHN CRUMMER

## CHAPTER I

### A SIMPLE SKETCH OF MY LIFE

My parents were Irish, and were residents of the north part of Ireland. They were Protestants of the strictest order. My mother and her father were members of the New Methodist Society. I was born on the twenty-third day of March, 1816. My father and family emigrated to America in the year 1819, landing in New York and remaining there for a year or more, my father following his trade of a blacksmith.

I can remember impressions made on my mind in crossing the great waters. I have heard my father tell how I wandered away in the city of New York, and was lost for three days. My parents had almost given up all hopes of finding me when accidentally my father heard that a sailor in a certain part of the city had taken up a little boy on the streets. He sought the sailor and discov-

ered me, happy, munching a piece of bread. Father did not claim me, but talked a while with the sailor and then made as though he were going away, when I cried out, "Father, take me with you." The sailor at once knew to whom the boy belonged, and I was rescued, possibly from a life on the ocean wave.

On another occasion, in changing from one vessel to another, I had been left sleeping under a bench until the boat was about to start, when my mother missed one of her young flock and at once gave the alarm, and I was rescued.

My father moved from New York to Delaware, locating at a place called Brandywine Creek. Several factories were running at this place, and as my father's family grew up they were put to work in the factories. The wages were very low, just enough to barely live on, and there being a store where all were compelled to trade, an account was kept against the wages, and the price of goods being very high the result generally at the end of the month was that the balance was on the wrong side. Once in debt there was but little prospect of getting out.

The proprietors of the mills were Scotch

Presbyterians of the strictest order. They had a church and a settled minister, a very good man but a strict Calvinist, who actually believed that there were infants in hell a span long. The society had a big revival at one time during our residence there, many being converted. My father joined the church and was prominent in church work. I can remember him making the concluding prayer for the minister at the services.

My mother also joined in the services for a time, her own meeting being several miles away, but she tired of their manner of worship and turned again to her Methodism. I have known her, such was her zeal, to rise long before daylight in the winter time, get ready and go to quarterly meeting at Bethel, a distance of five miles, and be at the meeting before the doors were closed at nine o'clock. Love feasts were held with strictly closed doors in those days. On some of these occasions I accompanied her either to Bethel or to Wilmington, and can well remember the earnestness and devotion of those meetings. My young heart was often moved at such times, and these impressions soon passed away.

My mother was a great admirer and lover of Methodism and Methodist preachers. I now think that at that day and in that part of the land there were some strong "sons of thunder" or consolation, whom to hear preach was worth going a long way. At this day (1890), after hearing some of the modern preachers, I am led to say with Milton, when describing Lucifer, Son of the morning, "Ah, what a falling off is there."

I was often "lantern carrier" for my mother and another Christian lady by name of Monday when they went two miles each week to their circuit preaching and class-meeting. Are there many in these latter days who hunger after the class meeting as did our mothers and fathers before us?

My earliest recollection of where we lived was in an old stone double house on the south side of the Brandywine River, in a very lonesome locality. Another family occupied the other part of the house, the head of which was in the habit of getting drunk quite often, at which times I had a great dread of him.

One Sabbath day, with an older brother and other boys, we wandered away in search

of fruit. We found a tall pear tree with fine ripe fruit upon it, and climbed it to gather the pears. When I was well up to the top a branch on which I depended for support broke, and down I went to the ground. How far I fell I cannot say, only I know that I was laid out for a time as one dead. The boys gathered around me and supposed I was killed, but after a little while I came to, but felt dizzy and weak. We were careful not to mention the matter at home.

I was an expert swimmer and could be in the water for hours without touching bottom. One Sunday I wanted to go to the river skating, but my father, mistrusting my desire and being very strict in the observance of Sunday, took the precaution to put my coat and hat up stairs; watching my chance, I skipped up stairs, threw coat and hat out of the window, then returned to the room below and made it appear for a time as though I was contented. Finally getting permission to step outside bareheaded, I found my coat and hat and was off for the rest of the day, but coming home at night with an assured reckoning time with my father, which generally consisted of a good switch

used very freely. Well, the Lord got hold of me one day and made a better boy of me.

Later, we moved to Chester Creek where were numerous mills and factories and where most of the family, old and young, found employment. Methodism through this country was well established. My sister Mary went to a camp meeting, sought the Saviour, and found Him to the joy of her heart. Soon after this, in the spring of 1832, a revival broke out and spread through all that country under the labors, principally, of Rev. J. B. Ayers. Early in the revival I came out in the cause of religion. My experience being very clear, I became quite zealous in the work and took active part in the prayer and class meetings. I became a favorite of Reverend Ayers, who always paid special attention to me.

I was at this time about seventeen years of age. Up to this time I had never been to school a day, nor do I remember of having gone to school after this period. I had learned to read and write in some way. Soon after my conversion my sister Mary made a present to me of Dr. Clark's Commentaries on the New Testament, as also his life, which

I read with great interest and avidity. In a short time I was granted a license to exhort and, knowing nothing but love and zeal, I fancied I was of some use in the world.

My father, hearing great reports from the West, determined to go west, and started in the spring of 1835. In the fall of that year the family followed my father, arriving in Galena in September, 1835, and located in what was called "Old Town." I immediately looked around for something to do, and busied myself at mining during the winter and spring, having some success. Of my earnings I helped father and used some little of my money in preparing myself as a Methodist traveling preacher.

In the fall of 1836 I was recommended to the Illinois Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was duly received and appointed to the Mineral Point, Wis., circuit jointly with Richard Haney, who was an able preacher; and although the pay was very small, we pushed forward in the work and had a prosperous time.

The country was filling up with a fine class of people from the east. One of my appointments on this circuit was called Skinners. It

was a sort of half-way house or place of entertainment. Many of the houses on leading roads were of this kind in those days. Mr. Skinner was a man of the world, but his wife was a Methodist and not ashamed to let her profession be known. Here we had week-day appointments and a class.

It happened that one day when I had an appointment to preach here, I went to the woods nearby with my Bible and hymn book to make some preparation for the service and get in touch with the Master of Souls before attempting to preach the Word of Life. As I came towards the house I noticed a large, old-fashioned coach standing before the house. I met the coachman, who informed me that Governor Dodge and party had stopped for dinner and, hearing there was to be preaching, had concluded to remain. The man put in a demurrer to this, as they had to go sixteen miles before reaching home.

Dinner over, the preacher was introduced to the Indian fighter and governor of Wisconsin. The congregation had gathered in the large, old-fashioned, double log house, and they were seated on a few chairs and

many benches. Our chief visitor occupied a chair in the center of the room. The preacher had a stand by his side holding his Bible and hymn book, and a chair for a pulpit. With some inward misgivings the preacher arose and gave out a hymn, which was sung heartily by all, and then offered prayer for all men, and especially those in authority, that they may live quiet and peaceable lives in all Godliness.

The text was announced, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" The claims of love to Christ based on his Divine character; what he did on earth for man, which involved His death and as to man's salvation. The question was pressed, "Lovest thou me?" This question must be heard by men, by individuals, and answered properly as Peter did, "Thou knowest all things. Thou knowest I love thee." Once answered thus by men, all other questions become easy of solution.

During the preaching the governor gave good attention and eyed the preacher closely. The public service being through, the old-fashioned class-meeting followed. We supposed the governor and his party would re-

tire, but no, the governor was bound to stay for class. He, with others, spoke of his experience, and the meeting closed with some church matters occupying our attention in which the governor took a deep interest.

It was a trying time for the young preacher, and he no doubt trembled as he stood up and endeavored to proclaim the everlasting Gospel. May we not hope that that humble backwoods service may have had some bearing on the mind of the governor in preparing him to pass the solemn test through which all have to pass.

During the following winter the presiding elder placed me in charge of the Plattville, Wis., Circuit. The next summer we had a camp-meeting on the Boise Prairie which resulted in the conversion of many souls; among the number was Frank Mitchell, a young man of exceptional ability. He afterwards became a distinguished preacher of the Gospel. This meeting gave such an impetus to the work that the brethren decided to have another, one mile from Plattville, which resulted in great good. During the summer of 1837 there was erected a Methodist Church in the town of Plattville,

and the dedication sermon was preached by the Rev. W. Weigley, who was then stationed at Galena, Ill. (Rev. W. Weigley was my brother-in-law.) Late in the fall of 1837 at the Annual Conference of the M. E. Church, I was appointed to the Belleville, Iowa, Circuit as preacher in charge, in connection with John Gildam. My recollection is that at this town our preaching place was in the bar-room of the hotel. On preaching day the room was prepared for the occasion. There never was any sign of decanters or glasses, they having been put out of sight for the time being, to be brought forth as soon as the preacher's back was turned.

To have run a hotel in that day without a bar and liquors would be equal to having the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. Later on, I was transferred back to Plattville. The preacher who had been appointed to that place being necessitated, by reason of ill health, to give up the work. In 1838 I was appointed to Mineral Point, with John Hodges for colleague. We had a pleasant year and a glorious camp-meeting on the circuit during the summer.

About this time a young artist of Du-

buque, Iowa, offered to put me on canvas, free of charge. I gave him two or three sittings and, as I thought, made an excellent likeness. I took it home, when one day a younger brother (who, since that time, has outrun his older brother in preaching and winning souls to Christ) set it up as a target, and with his bow and arrow succeeded in shooting an eye out. It was finally lost. Would value it now as showing what manner of person I was then.

In the year of 1838-39 the writer occupied that large and interesting field of Christian labor extending from Hamilton Grove and Pecatonica, Ill., on the south, up to Galena, Ill., and Blue Mounds, Wis., on the north. This was properly a frontier work, and there was very little settlement beyond the line of the Wisconsin River. In these bounds lived a hardy, enterprising people, attracted thither by a rich agricultural region as well as to its mineral deposits. Among the population could be found many men and women of great ability and distinction, of whom I may mention General Dodge and family.

The first legislature was held at Belmont, Wis., but was soon removed to the Four

Lakes, or what is now known as Madison, Wis.

In the fall of 1840 I was appointed to Milwaukee Station, Wis. When I arrived there the only place they could have for services was a vacant storeroom. I found a good society of faithful men and women. In the spring of 1841 we decided to build a church, and although times were hard and money scarce, we succeeded and erected the first church in Milwaukee, Wis.\* The church was dedicated by the Rev. Julius Field, the presiding elder, assisted by the preacher in charge. In the fall of 1841 I was united in marriage to Mary S. Kellogg, with whom I have traveled life's journey so happily these many years. My next appointment was to Rockford, Ill. The work was main-

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\* In a Historical Sketch of the First M. E. Church of Milwaukee, Wis., by A. W. Kellogg, published in 1904, the following extract is given:

“In 1840 Rock River Conference, including Wisconsin, was set off from Illinois, and a single man, John Crummer was appointed to Milwaukee. He secured a living by boarding around like an old-time school-ma'am. He also secured with the help of Father as contractor and Brothers Austin and Bean as Building Committee, a frame church 35 x 50 on a lot on Broadway, where the Armory now stands. And to forestall his boarding round experience, he took with him to his next appointment on the farther edge of Illinois a dear cousin of mine, a faithful helpmeet in his work. The church was dedicated in May, 1841.”

tained under great disadvantages, having no church building. I wonder if the Methodists of Rockford, now worshipping in their magnificent churches, ever think of the few pioneer faithful Methodists who started the church in that now thriving city?

During the summer we had an excellent camp-meeting out a few miles from town, and a goodly number were converted, some of whom remain to this day as witnesses of the work. In 1843 I was appointed to the Sycamore, Ill., Circuit. The circuit was miles in extent and the membership large; however, the salary was small. In those days the Methodist itinerant preacher's salary was barely enough to keep soul and body together. I remember that some of my parishioners had no money to pay me their quarterage, and so some of them, after thrashing in the fall, paid me in wheat. I finally had a load of wheat on my hands, but how to get it to market was the question. I had one horse on which I rode from one appointment to another, and borrowing another horse and wagon from a good brother, I loaded my wheat and drove to Chicago, a

rather growing town at the time, sold my wheat, and, purchasing some necessary things for my family, I returned to Sycamore very much encouraged to go on and preach for wheat for my body's needs, and for souls for my Master. In 1844 I was returned to the circuit again, having as my colleague Rev. Wm. Gaddis. This was the year of the division of the M. E. Church on the subject of slavery, and this was cause of much controversy.

The following two years I spent on the Geneva Circuit, having my home at Geneva Lake. These were years of great prosperity, having revivals at nearly every appointment. After these two years of service I was transferred to Potosi, Wis. My health failed at this place and I requested a release from the work. I moved down near my father's, in Jo Daviess County, Ill., on a quarter section of land which I had purchased. The following year I sustained a superannuated relation in the ministry.

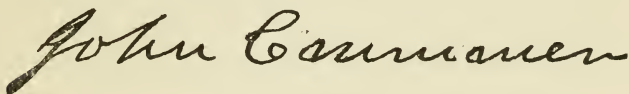
The next year I assumed active work again and was placed in charge of the Apple River Circuit, but did not long engage in active work, my health and voice failing me,

and so I requested a dismissal from the active ministry.

In the spring of 1849 I started by the way of St. Louis for California, the land of gold. We laid in our supplies and started for St. Joseph, Mo., where we met our companions, three of them with ox teams. After some delay we crossed the Missouri and started on our long and wearisome journey over the wide deserts and across the Rocky Mountains, experiencing many hardships and vicissitudes, but arrived in the Golden State the latter part of July.

I was in California two winters, and found a little of the gold so much sought after. There was, however, an attraction back in Illinois: a wife and three children were tugging at the heart strings, and so strongly I could not resist, and in 1851 I returned to Illinois. Shortly after returning I settled on a farm about ten miles north of Mount Carroll, Ill. I opened the virgin prairie and planted orchards and lived to eat the fruit thereof. At this place some of the happiest days of my life were spent, and also some of the saddest events transpired there. During this time I traveled extensively on

Sabbath and preached at various points throughout the surrounding country. I also served in various civil capacities, as supervisor and enrolling officer during the war. Having lost a beloved son by drowning, and another son badly wounded during the Civil war, we deemed best to sell out, and, having done so, we moved to Mount Carroll, where we lived for about twelve years.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "John Crummer". The script is cursive and fluid, with a prominent initial "J" and a long, sweeping underline.

NOTE. The younger brother referred to in the preceding pages was Rev. Joseph Crummer, a veteran of the Civil War. For many years after the war, he was a successful minister of the Rock River Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church. He was stationed at many of the places, where his elder brother, John Crummer, had preached years before. He has recently gone to his reward.

## CHAPTER II

The following articles written by Rev. John Crummer have been preserved, and because of the historical data and the struggles of early Methodists, are worthy to be placed in this brief history of one of God's chosen ones who took an active part in those early days.

### MT. HOPE-CHESTER CIRCUIT IN 1832-3.

Mt. Hope meeting house, as to my impression of it after the lapse of fifty-six years, is that it stood on an elevated piece of ground with a commanding view of the country surrounding. In one direction flowed the Delaware River and in the others nice farms and houses with ornamental and fruit trees around.

The church building was of stone, rather high, and must have been placed there early in the century. It had a front entrance with a side door, used principally by the ladies, who invariably occupied one side, while men the other. The house was plainly seated, an

elevated pulpit and rounding altar fronting pulpit.

This spot has always had a warm place in my recollection on account of the fact that here I found the Saviour of the multitude that had been saved and brought into the light, and here also many of the fathers had exercised their ministry. Omitting many particulars, I may be permitted to mention a few in regard to my conversion. I had a pious mother who was also a devoted Methodist, even from her early girlhood in Ireland. By going with her to meeting, I had heard nearly all the early and eminent men of the Philadelphia conference. Though full of life and eager for the sports of the day, yet I often had serious impressions and felt the need of pardon. A beloved sister went to a camp-meeting, heard the celebrated J. N. Maffett preach, and came home happy in the sense of pardon and peace in Jesus' name. Being encouraged by her, I thought it full time for me to make a start, and very soon after went to the altar for prayers, joined class, and was steady and uniform in attendance on the means of grace and in private duties; but I was not satisfied with my

experience and hesitated about making my case known; while in this condition of doubt, a two-days' meeting was held at Mt. Hope, and on Sunday afternoon the sacrament was to be administered.

The preacher had for his text, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits?" etc. I had made up my mind not to partake on account of unfitness, but as the preacher unfolded his subject I felt my heart melt; tears flowed freely; the resolution gave way, and nearly at the close of service, as the minister pronounced the usual words, "the body," etc., I felt "the great transaction is done; I am my Lord's and he is mine." From that day I was satisfied with the genuineness of my conversion. My spare time was employed in going to meetings and reading such religious books as I could get.

Chester Circuit, at the time of which I write, extended well up towards Philadelphia and Valley Forge, down to the Delaware line, and had quite a number of well-organized churches, but there had been no special revival for several years and things had rather been on the standstill.

In the spring of 1832 Rev. James B. Ayers,

with a colleague, was appointed to the work. He was then a man of middle age, medium height, a pleasant countenance, with hair combed back on head, about as seen in pictures of Mr. Wesley. Having used the office of deacon and elder well for several years, "he had purchased to himself a good degree and great boldness in the faith." He was prepared to give to each, saint and sinner, his portion in due season. His ministry attracted very great attention, and it was not long before revivals broke out in various parts of the circuit.

This continued for two years or more, with more or less intensity, first in one place, then in another.

It took in all classes, from the factory girl and boy to the old farmer, and the man who kept his pack of hounds for fox hunting purposes.

I will not venture to state the number of conversions in the above time but it went into the hundreds. In a great work of the kind there are sure to be many singular incidents, as well as many wonderful manifestations of Divine power and glory.

An instance or two occur to me. On one

occasion, the house being full, a man stood in the aisle looking intently at Brother Ayres while he was preaching, until he imagined Brother Ayres had two heads, and becoming alarmed, he made for the door and for home, full speed; thought the devil was after him, full chase; when he arrived home he jumped into bed and thought that Satan was around the bed to take him. He then made a spring and started for the church and went directly to the altar where he was happily converted.

Brother Ayers had a small society on his work in which some were rather given to backbiting and other evil things. On one occasion he selected for his text, "Ephraim hath mixed himself among the people; Ephraim is a cake not turned," believing it was kill or cure, and that "Thou art the man and thou alone can make Felix tremble or David quake," he opened up his subject by appealing to the sisters for the correctness of his baking principles; stated that a cake baked on the outside but raw in the middle, it was necessary in order to bake well to turn it inside out and upside down. On this principle he proceeded to discourse to the people.

I opine that there are a few churches in our day, both east and west, where this process would be useful too.

The following incident I can vouch for: It was customary then at the close of love feasts to take a collection for the poor of the church. There being a full house, and feeling running high, Brother S. Hance, an excellent local preacher, was taking the collection; when he had nearly got round on his side of the house he got (as we sometimes say out west) a "powerful" blessing, and he shouted and "leaped for joy," and by some means the collection bag got turned upside down and out came the pieces of money and scattered over the floor. This, of course, had its serious side, and yet a person would be excused if he had even more than a broad smile on his face.

Love feasts held according to rule were seasons of great power. From the time the door closed the speaking went steadily on. There was not time to sing at the end of each experience related, and if one so far forgot himself as to become tedious and depressing, a verse of an hymn was started, the same as saying, "time is up."

I do not remember ever hearing an objection or demurrer to the doctrine or experience of perfect love. If we did not have it dwelt upon, or papers to inculcate it weekly, yet we had the documents such as Thomas à Kempis' "Christian Pattern;" the "Christian Manual," by Timothy Merritt, and Wesley's plain account of "Christian Perfection." Also, the lives of holy men and women. With these in our hands we could not go far astray. The decline on this matter has been of later date, and it was left for some Methodist preachers who, finding a discrepancy between the doctrine and their own experience, instead of continuing to expect it in this life and groaning after it, went to work to make the doctrine suit their own mixed experience.

I am inclined to think the great revival referred to in the previous part of this letter had some connection with the great increase of attention to the subject of "Christian Holiness" in the church of today.

John S. Juskip's father lived in or on the borders of Chester Circuit. It is well known that when the son came out in religion that the father made strong opposition to it, and

went so far as to order him from the house. In course of time, and not long after, he relented and was himself happily converted, and being a positive and decided man, fitted up a shop or outhouse to have meetings in. I well remember being on the plan as an exhorter, of visiting the place, and of having the privilege, in the identical house, of holding meetings and of addressing the old gentleman and others.

Little did we think at that time that the young man (John S. Juskip), then away preparing for the ministry, was destined by Providence, after an able ministry, to experience the great blessing of perfect love, and then, with the able assistance of his co-workers, to bring out and impress this “gem of purest ray serene” on American Methodism, east and west, north and south.

## CHAPTER III

### MY FIRST CIRCUIT IN 1836

In the fall of the above year I was recommended to the Illinois Conference as a suitable person to travel in the ministry. I was not very confident that I would be received but had sufficient faith to buy me a horse and traveling equipage in anticipation of that (to me) important event.

When word arrived that my appointment was to Mineral Point, Wis., and Galena, Ill., Circuit, preparation was at once made to depart for the scene of my labors. I had purchased a very large pair of saddle bags with side pockets. This was my chance of taking along my wardrobe and library. This, I found, more than filled my space, and made the ends stand well out on either side of the horse, and somewhat inconvenient to go faster than a walk.

On my way to Galena, falling in company with a man, he inquired if I had taken the contract to carry the U. S. mail. I, of course,

answered that my mission was one much more important and exalted than that; in a word, it was to preach the glorious Gospel of Christ. Stopping for the night in Galena with a relative, he took the liberty to relieve me of more than half of my baggage. Though it seemed hard to leave behind the "books and parchments," yet it greatly facilitated travel, and the journey from Galena to the Point was made with comparative ease and comfort. The settlements were principally in and around groves, while the prairies were open and in a state of nature. Arriving at the Point, I found Rev. R. Haney on the ground and in the actual work. I was received very kindly as the junior preacher on the work. Brother Haney was, I think, at this time entering upon his third year in the ministry. In person he was of good size; of pleasant countenance; a full and flowing voice, and just as full of humor and good cheer. It would have been hard for one to have ended in the "blues" in his presence even if so disposed. Where he could see a point he was inclined to have a little pleasantry.

In the course of conversation, glancing at

me with rather quizzical eye, he asked if I expected to become a bishop. The answer was that my aspirations did not run in that direction, but it is a fact that four years subsequent to that time (at Mt. Morris, Ill.), I was made an elder, which according to Methodist theory is the same in order, though not in office, as bishop. This is the nearest I got to be a bishop, but in this respect the writer claims a very large and respectable company of companions.

Our circuit comprised what was, at that time one-half of western Wisconsin, that is, the settled part. It extended from south of Hamilton Grove up to the Wisconsin River and out east to Blue Mounds. It would be hard at present to say where the frontier is, but ours was properly and truly a frontier, as there were no settled parts, north of the above river, perhaps not a white family north of us, save at military posts.

While the country we occupied, was a fine agricultural district and many had been attracted by the fine prairies and abundance of timber, and other things to make homes and cultivate the soil, others had been led here by the large deposits of lead ore.

As might be expected we had variety in our congregations. At Mineral Point, Brother Haney preached to men and women that had sat under the ministry of Clarke, Watson and even had heard Mr. Wesley in their early days. In the country parts we had emigrants from Southern Illinois and from Indiana—real frontier people and truly earnest and devout Methodists. Some of these men and women, even at this late date are well worthy of notice.

I was sent south to reconnoiter and the first place where I stopped was Willow Springs. Here the pioneer preacher had been before us and had organized a good sized class. It was refreshing to meet these people and hear them relate their Christian experience in a warm confident manner.

Here lived Major Sheldon and family, and here young lawyer Drummond got his wife a year or two after. Afterwards he became judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois. Here were the Rays, Pillings, Halls and a brother Teal from Ohio. Mr. Pilling was English and a smelter, and not a Christian at the time. Brother Simpson who had been sent back a second year, was met by

Mr. Pilling who in a blunt manner inquired, "What have you come back here for?" The ready answer was on hand, "To save your soul, sir." And sure enough, he was soundly converted that year.

## CHAPTER IV

The following sketch was published in the North-Western Christian Advocate in its issue of Oct. 26, 1887.

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### A CAMP MEETING IN 1837.

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BY REV. JOHN CRUMMER.

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As the time for said meeting drew near, Rev. A. Bronson and the writer of this are seen leaving Platteville on horseback very early in the morning. A distance of thirty or more miles is before them with an appointment for preaching in the afternoon. The trip is delightful, through hills and dales, clumps of woodland and prairie, with variegated wild flowers. Soon appear the bluffs of the Mississippi, where there is a fine view of the father of waters as it silently

winds its way to the ocean. Two or three miles south of where East Dubuque, Illinois, now stands, was one of those alluvial bottoms so much sought by the early settler. Well up to the bluffs and near the great leading road south, there stood a well-put up, double log house. The owner and occupant was a Mr. Frentress, a well-known early settler. This was our objective point. Here was a society and regular preaching. Arriving in time for dinner and needed rest, we were in good condition to receive the congregation, which quite filled the rooms and entry way. This was no ordinary occasion, and no ordinary man was about to preach.

Let us imagine a man of medium height, well built, with broad face and forehead, compressed lips, and gray hair "standing on end, like quills on the fretful porcupine," and he will have a good idea of the man as he stood before the people on that day. Here was the hero of a hundred fights, "who being armed and carrying bows, had not turned back in the day of battle." Bronson was a very good singer for the times. He could sing some pieces as solos with good effect. The "Bower of Prayer" was a favorite with

him. Having but recently left the scenes of his early labors, when he came to the verse—

“Although I may never revisit thy shade,  
Yet oft shall I think on the vows I there made;  
And when at a distance my thoughts shall repair  
To the place where my Savior first answered my  
prayer,”

his voice would become mellow and plaintive. The log house stands in its place to this day.

The next day we crossed the river on the steam ferryboat that plied between Dubuque and where East Dubuque now stands. We spent the day in the embryo city of Dubuque, and had preaching at night. There, for the first time, I met Rev. H. W. Reed, the indefatigable pioneer of upper Iowa Methodism. He was of average height, well put up, eyes well set in the head, and complexion such that he need not to fear tan from western sun or wind. He had been sent here in the fall of 1835 by the Illinois conference. The simple trip from the seat of conference to his appointment at that time was one of no little difficulty and often attended with danger, and the prospect at the end of the

journey not of the most enchanting kind. Yet he came through, and up to present time had something more than "held the fort." Failing to find in Dubuque a place to settle his family, he has been heard to say that "he went out west ten or twelve miles to a Brother Clark's, who had a double log house, and there for a time occupied the west end of the best house in upper Iowa." In regard to Brother Reed's pulpit work it was unassuming and dignified. His 'gestures were few and appropriate. He did not strut from side to side of the platform, but stood and delivered his message. It was not the mountain torrent bearing all before it, but rather the brook or rivulet deepening and widening and gaining forces as it went. I have no doubt that many at the close of a sermon by him have been led to say: "It is good to be here." Rev. James Mitchell, who attended and took part in the camp-meeting, was the son of Rev. S. Mitchell, and brother of John T. and Frank M. They were a gifted family. James had had all the advantages that wealth and the schools could give, and was prepared to shine among his brethren who had not had these oppor-

tunities. He was a man of great suavity of manners, a good preacher, and had he improved his advantages might have made his mark in the world.

On Thursday about noon we arrived on the ground—one of God's primitive forests. All was stir and preparation for the approaching meeting. The sound of the hammer, the song of praise, and the greetings of friends were inspiring. There is a charm about a camp-meeting out on the borders of civilization not felt in our modern highly finished and prepared camp-grounds. Although the stand for preaching and quarters for preachers, together with the seating of the congregation, were made as comfortable as possible, yet there were signs enough of rusticity. Lumber was none too plenty, but wood was more abundant than oil, and illumination for the night was secured by erecting platforms, on which large fires were made, thus both light and heat were secured. When the fires were in full blast, the audience seated, preachers in the stand, and the whole under a high degree of religious enthusiasm, it presented a scene worthy the reporter's pen or painter's brush. The horn

at last blew, and the people came together. To the writer was assigned the duty of addressing the people, which he did from the words: "This man receiveth sinners." Mourners were invited to the altar, and some were saved and made happy that night. This was a good beginning, and an augury of what was coming. When we can hear the "sound of the going in the mulberry trees," or can wring "a bowl of water from the fleece," we need not fear to proceed in Jesus' work.

Friday opened auspiciously, with Brother Reed in the stand. The people, having their domestic affairs arranged, had now a mind to the work. There was no effort at great preaching, but simply to convince, to offer Christ, and to build up. Holiness was not so distinctly preached, or perhaps professed, as in parts at the present time; but I cannot doubt that it was with many as with the Israelites who found a small something around their camp resembling coriander seed, and had no name for it, but after tasting it, and finding it sweet, called it "manna," and let it go at that. We had at this meeting a good representation of our

English brethren lately from the old home, who by songs and prayer added much to its success. Among the number was Mark Leekly, a useful local preacher now gone to the better world; Brother Cain, also an acceptable local preacher, and now of Galena, waiting the summons that shall call him home; and Richard Waller, a noted man among his brethren, highly esteemed, now gone to his reward. Brother Johnson, a merchant of Dubuque, and family camped on the ground and shared largely in the blessings of the meeting. Brother S. Clark and Col. Bankston, with families, were on the ground through the meeting.

By Friday the meeting had acquired momentum and power. Persons coming fresh upon the ground felt that indefinable something that awed them into reverence. While the gospel glass was held up, many looking therein were changed into the same image. We had from the first that feature of Pentecost, "all things common." There was no boarding tent, and no huckstering was allowed. If anyone was hungry, all he had to do was to make it known. There were rules to the meeting and strictly adhered to,

but no "red tape;" no breaking up of a good prayer-meeting where souls were being saved, to go and attend a Bible reading, or some other kind, good enough in its place, but not just then.

Sunday dawned on the camp, the last great day of the feast, bright and clear. The early songs of the worshipers, the birds caroling sweetly in the branches, and the quiet restfulness of the day truly symbolized a soul in entire harmony with its God.

In the early morning Brother Reed was in the stand. The people heard him gladly. At ten o'clock, "King Alfred" (as Mr. Bronson was facetiously called at times) held forth, and was at his best. At two o'clock James Mitchell spoke—tall in person, polished in manner, having a melodious voice, evangelical in sentiment, and altogether a very attractive speaker. As night approached it was quite evident that victory was on Jesus' side. To the writer was assigned the duty of addressing the people. As I was about to enter the stand, the elder tapped me on the shoulder with the remark: "We have thought it best to dispense with preaching. Tonight you can open the meet-

ing by prayer, and then give some account of your conversion and call to the ministry; then give place to Reed and Mitchell, who will follow in the same line, and I will bring up the rear." The whole service did not take an hour. The rear did come with a rush. Real, earnest work began in the altar, prayer succeeded by suitable song. There was no effort on the part of the preachers or others to perform that very difficult task of persuading persons that they had religion before they had it, or in effect saying to the mourner: "Now, don't you think you feel just a little better?" The spirit of the meeting took on the form of "pray on, shout on, we are gaining ground, the power of the Lord is coming down."

## CHAPTER V

The following article was published in the Northwestern Christian Advocate during the life time of the author:

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### ROCKFORD METHODISM, 1841-42.

BY REV. JOHN CRUMMER.

The Rock River conference held its second session in Platteville, Wis. It was here I received my appointment to Rockford, Illinois. Having traveled five years as a single man, I felt at liberty to ask a companion to share with me the joys and sorrows of the itinerancy—a suit which prospered and enabled me to say “we.” Our first few months were very pleasantly spent at the home of Mr. W. Wheeler, a prominent member of the church, in the place. I found one very serious drawback to work or pleasure, in that I carried with me to Rockford that very prevalent but troublesome com-

plaint, ague and fever, and if my reader has had no experience in the matter, he may properly say, "Oh, the bliss of ignorance!" On my arrival I found three preaching places; Rockford the principal one, and one down the river at Brother Miller's, and another at Brother Bear's on the road eastward from town. At each of these places we had a considerable membership. The principal families that then composed the M. E. church, as I call them to mind, were: Wheeler, Miller, Gregory, Martin, Peters, Baker, Bear, Sovereign, and Ira Metler. There were others doubtless, but I fail to call them to mind at this late date.

While our Congregational and Baptist brethren were well provided for in church accommodations on the opposite side of the river, we had no house of worship. Rev. Dr. Field in his history says that "we had meetings in the schoolhouse, but some dispute having arisen, the Universalists edged us out, and we quietly withdrew to our parsonage." About this I cannot say; but I remember very distinctly of preaching in the old rickety courthouse that stood on the east side, and that as cold weather approached

we fitted up the lower part of the parsonage for public worship. The upper part was made to answer for our home, and I confess as we were not overstocked with household goods, and had many unnecessary things that admiring friends had presented us in previous years, it answered an excellent purpose. Here we "received all that came in unto us," during the year, and in the lower part had full houses and very good meetings. Here is an incident of the winter of 1841-2: One bright moonlight night after service, I noticed a man approaching the house, and hastened down to meet him.

He was well wrapped up about the face, and I could just see his eyes. He at once inquired if this was where Rev. J. Crummer resided. Being answered in the affirmative, he very politely said: "I have a letter for you, sir," and turned away. On opening the letter I found a bank bill, and at once supposed some Christian friend was preparing himself for a good night's rest by remembering the preacher's wants. The letter read about as follows:

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: We, members of the gaming club of this city, have been in

the habit of attending your ministry for some time, and having heard you refer to your travels on the Mississippi river, we were not able to divine the object of your rambles in that direction. Last Sunday evening, however, when you described the feelings of the broke gambler so correctly, we came to the conclusion that you were one of the fraternity, but broke. Please accept the within as a stake to renew your former calling.”

Had the note been genuine, it would have shown a disposition to pay something for a mean joke on a minister of the gospel. As it was, the whole thing was bogus. This gang had played the same trick on my predecessor, Rev. N. Jewett.

During the summer of 1842, by joining forces with Alonzo Campbell, whose circuit joined us on the south, we held a camp-meeting on grounds owned, I believe, by Ira Mettler, two or three miles from town. Though but little effort was made to awaken interest in the meeting, yet at the appointed time the people turned out well. It was a decided success.

While I traveled as a married man, my

aim was always to have a good garden. The exercise was good for health, the product convenient for the family, and there was pleasure in seeing things grow. There being one or two good lots connected with the parsonage, I fenced it as well as I could, and planted the ground to vegetables. It grew to admiration, so that by midsummer I had a "splendid" garden. Very close on to the end of the conference year I rose one morning and looked out at the upper window, and to my utter dismay there lay several head of very large cattle, apparently very contented. Hastening down to the spot, a very slight examination proved that there was not enough of the garden left to be the cause of further anxiety. The sight was not calculated to increase the morning devotions. I think, however, I did not fly into a pet, hunt up the owner of the cattle, and sue him for damages, but piously said in my heart, I planted, the Lord watered, and the oxen had taken the increase.

There lived with Brother Miller a youth by the name of Miles S. Reed, who worked on his farm. He belonged to the class; was very devoted and zealous, and was strong in

prayer. I had the pleasure of writing out his first license to exhort, and also of putting him up to preach at our camp-meeting. He soon entered the conference, and was very successful in revival work in the different charges he served. His record for the time he served is as bright as any who have gone before, in the conference in bringing souls to Christ. The last Sunday of the conference year quite a number of preachers from the north spent the day with us. On Monday we took our "carriage" and started for Chicago, the seat of conference. This was not regarded as much of an undertaking; but I may be permitted to say was slightly different to jumping onto a fast train, half-fare ticket, and being at the end of the journey in a few hours. We went on from "strength to strength" until we all appeared before God in our modern Zion. There were assembled many of the fathers and veterans in the work—Bishop Roberts, Fathers Mitchell, Bronson, Weed, Summers, Sinclair, and others, whose names are in the book of life.

## CHAPTER VI

Shortly after the publication of the foregoing article, the following high tribute to Rev. John Crummer, was published in the N. W. C. Advocate, July 20, 1887:

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### ROCKFORD IN 1846.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. OSBORNE, M. D.

Rev. John Crummer's late article on "Rockford Methodism in 1841-2" is opportune and instructive. He, like a score more, has the power of making our church history as enchanting as a "Persian story." Readers never weary of historical incidents where the principal features are part and parcel of the chief actors themselves. The name of John Crummer was a household word in the humble cabins of Illinois and Wisconsin forty-five years ago. His lease of life is remarkable, and his pen is as trenchant as a

young graduate's. He is a native-born itinerant, and as naturally took to the frontier as the wild buffalo and the elk. It seems from the church records that he was among the early settlers of Illinois, and as early as 1838 knew what circuit riding meant when two or three Methodist preachers covered the territory from Dixon, Illinois, to Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.

The writer's first knowledge of Brother Crummer was at the Galena conference of 1846, where he received his early impressions of the "fathers," and learned to love and venerate the old veterans of many a well-fought battle. The conference was then in a transition state, the older class, like James Mitchel, B. F. Kavanaugh, John Sinclair, Alfred Brunson, S. H. Stocking, etc., were gradually giving place to a large list of younger men who have since made their mark, not a few of whom are still filling important places in the church.

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At Potosi, Lancaster, Platteville, Beeton, and other points in southwest Wisconsin Brother Crummer was looked upon as a daring and indomitable worker, suiting him-

self to the peculiar conditions of a new and growing country.

During a number of years' pastorate in southwest Wisconsin, the writer had opportunity to know considerable about our western pioneer preachers, Brother Crummer, among others, being prominent, and for self-sacrifice and indomitable perseverance, the history of one was virtually the history of all. The old settlers used to tell how the rabble were in the habit of interrupting Brother Crummer's street preaching in Potosi by rolling blazing tar-barrels into the crowd, to divert the "baser sort" from the influence of the gospel and prevent the "word from taking root in most uncongenial soil." Blazing tar-barrels, however, were found to be of no serious injury, but rather increased the enthusiasm of the friends of law and order. They also gave additional proof of the superiority of truth over the passions and recklessness of the human species. Only in rare instances did our pioneer preachers succumb to the crowd, and generally the reaction from temporary opposition was most salutary and reformatory. Hurricane Grove, in Grant county, was set-

tled by Missouri ironclad-Baptists, a close-fisted, no-salary, anti-missionary class, whose chief doctrine was election, and whose church hobby was immersion; in their view, the only door into the kingdom of heaven. Methodism was not without its representative in this settlement, in the person of old Brother Kilby, anti-immersion, and as full of zeal for "free grace" as his farm was full of mammoth oak and maple. His log cabin was the preaching place of the first itinerants, among whom Brother Crummer acted no inconsiderable part. Brother Kilby's generosity toward his particular church and preaching called forth the general remark from his more penurious neighbors that "the Methodists would finally eat him out of house and home." Godliness and generosity are always preferable, and so it proved with our good Brother Kilby.

In the absence of Brother Crummer from this part of the country for three or four years the farm had been cleared, and the old cabin had given place to a modern frame dwelling, which bespoke decided improvement for a new and promising country. Riding up to where the old cabin had given place

to a dwelling of marked elegant taste, he dismounted, hitched his horse, and rapped lustily at the front door for admission. Finding no response, he lifted the latch and entered. Feeling much at home on the old spot where he had formerly held forth the word of life, he threw off his overcoat and hat, and, seeing an elegant sofa in one corner, stretched himself out in backwoods style to rest.

Brother Kilby, seeing a strange horse before his door, hastened to enter, and to his great surprise there lay before his eyes the preacher of other days. The salutation and embrace were cordial, for they had learned to love each other under less favorable conditions. "Well," said the preacher, "my dear old brother, I perceive the Methodists haven't yet eaten you out of house and home." "No," said Brother Kilby, "the Lord has given me two bushels of corn for every peck I ever fed your horse; my neighbors still live in the woods; while my farm is well cleared and tilled. My Baptist brethren are still occupying their old log cabins, while the Lord has given me the best frame dwelling in the settlement; and the Metho-

dists are no nearer eating me out of my house and home than they were when I opened my humble domicil for men like you to preach the gospel in, and, glory to God, I can now give the circuit preachers \$5 where I used to give them \$1." Brother Kilby's house was long a home for all peachers, and some years ago he went in triumph to his reward.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE THAT WAS THE COMPANION OF A VICTIM AT ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

BY REV. JOHN CRUMMER.

As a Bible agent some years ago in Carroll County, Illinois, on a certain day, as the sun was declining behind the western hills, I found myself without any place for shelter for self and horse for the night. Seeing a comfortable looking farm house and barn in the distance, and making for the place, I made application to stay for the night. There being so many strolling persons in the country, peddling all sorts of patent rights and nostrums, to cure all the diseases that man or beast are heir to, the people had become fearful, as to receiving strangers into their homes. However, by representing my business and as I flatter myself as having a good honest look, I was received.

Still I felt that I had not the full confidence of the family, and was held rather at arms length, only conversing on general topics. Hog cholera had been raging in the neighborhood, and had got in among my host's herd. An agent came along at the right moment and had sold him several packages at an exorbitant price of an infallible remedy for the disease—"never known to fail"—but some how the more of the stuff he fed to the hogs, the faster they died off; so that the man had by this time not only lost faith in the medicine, but about everything and everybody in this world.

The family consisted of four persons—father, mother and a grown up son and daughter. The mother was tall and in earlier days had been a handsome woman, reserved in converse, but at this time was entirely blind. The daughter, in person resembled the mother, and had rather more than ordinary culture. At the hour for retirement a portion of scripture was read in the German language. I had expected to be called on to pray, but I found they all knelt down, and all began to pray in quite an audible voice, raising a little as they pro-

ceeded. I did not understand a word except the last, "Yahmen."

The next morning I was called upon to officiate at family worship. This I found had somewhat improved my standing and we became more sociable. The father before leaving for his work, contributed a dollar for the Bible cause.

The mother, who heretofore had been quite reticent, if not taciturn, now became very sociable and free. She gave me quite a history of the family, and one thing that lay heaviest on her mind, was a dear son, who when the war broke out, and a call was made for men to defend their country, had volunteered for that work. She gave me quite a detail of his marches and sufferings, and that finally he had been captured and incarcerated in Andersonville prison pens.

Prior to this, she and her daughter had presented for my inspection two or three Bibles—one a very finely illustrated Bible with all the plates, indexes, concordance, etc. Finally the dear old soul went to a drawer, and brought out a small package which, when the wrappings were taken off proved

to be, what had once been a small red morocco bound pocket Bible.

Here was a small, soiled and well worn Bible, that was not worth anything to be sold, but which money could not buy, and if this or the big fine book was to go out of the house, the big one would go first.

In presenting this book to me she said: "This Bible I gave to my boy when he left home for the army, with the injunction that he should read some portion of it every day. This he carried with him through all his marches and battles, and it went with him into Andersonville prison, but the word of God cannot be bound. I have reason to believe that he not only read the book, but that it was a comfort to him even to the last. When taken there he was hopeful that he would be able to weather it through, and at last get home, and around the family circle relate the story of his toils and sufferings, but though a strong boy when he left home the horrors of that house were too much for him."

Being an intelligent woman and well posted as to things connected with Ander-

sonville, she said: "I suppose when we consider the number of men huddled together; no covering over them; the dirty starvation rations furnished, and the harsh and cruel treatment, the like has never been equalled since time began. When he found that he must succumb to his fate, he said to his companion: 'Here is the book my mother gave me when I came away; I was in hopes to have carried it back, but that cannot be. I wish you, if you live to get out of this place, to take this book back to mother, and my love to all and the hope of meeting them in heaven.'"

By this time the tears had come to those blind eyes, and her voice had become so choked she could say no more. I, too, felt something strange in my throat, hindering speech, and my eyes of late not used to weeping, now felt the tears come freely and I found it refreshing to, "weep with those that weep." There was silence for a few minutes. I held in my hand a little book that had evidently seen service. The parts that were soiled most were those that would suit a man best in the condition of its former owner. Passages marked as: "In my Fa-

ther's house are many mansions," etc. There was some writing in pencil mark. The mother had hoped that I would be able to make out what it was, but alas, it was too indistinct for me.

I soliloquized about as follows: "Here is a book that has been where the cannon has roared; amid the fire of musketry—where men have met in deadly conflict, and where men, who an hour before were in the full vigor of life, breathing their last breath, or dictating to some one their last farewell to loved ones at home.

Though silent and voiceless, yet it has important messages to all, friend and foe alike; in it is the true path of life so illuminated that fools find it and stray no more. The only star that rose on time, and on the dark and troubled billions; as age succeeds age, casts a ray of heaven's own light, and to the hills, the eternal hills, points the sinner's eye. Its great and important word is to all, repent, believe and live.

This relic and connecting link between a mother's affection, and a mouldering form that lay buried down in Georgia, was handed over to its owner.

The time had come when I felt it was time to be about my proper work.

Satchel in hand I had made a start two or three times, but was called back—what a change since last night, then I was admitted reluctantly, now I could scarcely get way.

Finally the old lady said: “Wait one minute.” Then she went to the cellar and brought a fine lot of fragrant apples, which she directed me to take to my wife. This I did with the exultant feeling that they represented that grace, which is finally to draw together and make one all the nations of the earth.

## CHAPTER VIII

### APPRECIATION OF FATHER.

We do not appreciate the things that make for our happiness in life, until we are deprived of them. We do not appreciate, nor understand in full measure, our loved friends, until after they are taken from us. We accept the blessings of life; we meet our friends; we are blessed with noble parents; we live with them and our brothers and sisters, in a matter of fact way, as much as to say: "Why of course I am entitled to all these."

But as the years go by, and the gray hairs come with the years, we begin to live in the past, and the leaves in our book of memory are pried open, and we see our loved ones gone, again in active life, as some act of theirs is vividly shown on the screen, and we say of such and such a one: "Why, I don't believe I knew that dear friend as he was, and I know I failed to appreciate him as I do now."

The writer, the eldest son of Rev. J. Crummer, hereby acknowledges that he failed to fully appreciate and understand his father, during his lifetime, as he believes he would now. If, in writing these lines and putting out this little book, the resolve will come to the reader, that he will endeavor to appreciate and know his parents and loved ones, while passing through this life, before they pass over the border land, then the writer will think he has not penned these lines in vain.

During the preparation of this little book, Mr. Geo. J. Kellogg visited me and read the manuscript thus far written, and after reading it, he remarked: "Well, I didn't know that fact about John. I appreciate him more than I ever did." Mr. Kellogg was a brother-in-law (his sister being my mother) of Rev. John Crummer, and had supposedly known him most of his life, and they were together in California in 1849. And yet, here is a man of 87 years, with as bright and keen a mind as one of 40, who confesses he didn't know his brother-in-law fully.

Rev. J. Crummer's early advantages were limited as were most of the early pioneers

of our country. He never had the opportunity to attend school in his boyhood days, but he learned to read and write and use the English language in a forceful and pleasing way. I have before me some of his handwriting that is very legible and easy to read. I have heard him say that, while a boy, working in the mills in Delaware, he used to place his book upon the loom, and when attending the spindles would catch a minute or so and read and study while at work.

He truly was a "self-made man." He was from that stock of north of Ireland people who flocked to the standard of John Knox. They were people wherein could be found that firm, rugged, devoted character; always outspoken in favor of moral and religious principles, and an equal positiveness in condemnation of that which is wrong. All through his life his work was for the right.

The preceding pages from his own modest pen, gives you a glimpse of his early life in the ministry. On account of failing health he retired from the arduous duties of an itinerant Methodist preacher in 1848. In 1849 he went overland with ox teams to California in search of gold. He took with him

his religion, and while there for two years he ministered to the dying and gave counsel and advice to the living.

It is to be regretted that he has not left some record of his varied experiences on his long trip, and his stay in California. But these matters he did not consider of so great interest, as the history of his work in the ministry.

After retiring from the active ministry he did not cease to preach, and that very often, even to conducting revival meetings with marked success. My recollections of his sermons, was the apt manner in which he used incidents in every-day life and anecdotes to illustrate the truth.

In preaching once, he maintained that the long prayers of some Christians were an abomination to the Lord. Said a long prayer reminded him of a story of a good brother who was noted for his long prayers. He was having his evening prayers on one occasion when a young man who was paying attention to his daughter approached the house and listening at the door (which was ajar) he heard the father at prayers, and at the door he waited and waited, and still the

brother went on. Just then a brother of the lady came up, and the suitor inquired, "How long does your father usually pray?" "Well," said the son, "if he's got to 'Brad-dock's defeat,' he is just half way through."

While living on the farm in northern Illinois Father Crummer was known as the "Marrying Parson," because he was called upon from near and far to perform the marriage rites. I remember how he would leave the work in the harvest field, saddle his horse, and put off for miles and be gone for most of the day in order to make some John and Mary husband and wife.

At night I inquired, "Well, father, what did you get for your services today?" and father would smile and say, "Nothing, but I made two hearts happy, and started another home."

Rev. J. Crummer held various local offices in the county where he lived. He heard Abraham Lincoln's great speech with Stephen A. Douglas at Freeport, Ill., in 1859, and always allied himself with the Republican party, and when the Civil War came he aided all he could in talking for the Union and in helping in every way to sustain

the government. Two of his sons (and the only ones old enough) enlisted in Illinois regiments and served their country fighting for the flag.

Towards the close of the war it became necessary to enforce the draft in the township in which Father Crummer lived. He was appointed enrolling officer for that district. The copperheads had formed a branch of the Knights of the Golden Circle in that place, whose object was to discourage enlistments in the Union army, and to hinder the success of the northern army in every possible way. He received notice that he must not make the enrollment. However, he went right along in his path of duty and made the enrollment, notwithstanding his life was threatened.

At one time returning home late at night through a dark and secluded place he was followed and fired upon, but the bullet went wide of its mark and he, putting spurs to his horse, escaped without further trouble. He notified them that he would meet them in the open at any time they would designate. The draft came, but he was not afterwards molested. The incident I relate is to

show the unflinching courage he had in his makeup.

There are many incidents in Father Crummer's life that would illuminate and show the strong character that possessed him. We know now, in looking back upon his journey through this life, that for over seventy-four years, as he went up and down through this country amid the trials and vicissitudes of pioneer life, he was always adhering to the truth and living a well ordered life.

Father Crummer's life was brightened and helped by a dear, patient loving help-mate (my mother), who stood by him faithfully through all the ups and downs of life. The example and teaching of these two parents to their family of boys and girls was always for righteousness. As an example let me cite one habit of Father Crummer, which habit, I fear, in these latter days, is falling into disuse, and that was the daily reading of the Bible and "family prayers." No matter, if it was busy harvest time, and every minute counted in the harvest field; after breakfast he would get the Bible, read a chapter and then kneel and pray.

He passed to his reward September 10, 1890, aged 74 years.

When the last sad rites were said over his remains the preacher used most appropriately, for the basis of his remarks, the text from Job 5:26: "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in, in his season."

As a shock of corn fully ripe, Father Crummer has been gathered to his fathers, leaving a bright light that points out the pathway he has gone.

The surviving sons and daughters recognizing the hand that so faithfully guided them from early childhood to manhood and womanhood, desiring to hand down to his posterity a brief insight into the life and work of this "man of God," offer this little book as an appreciation of our love and reverence for father.

"Life's labor done, as sinks the day,  
Light from its load the spirit flies,  
While heaven and earth combine to say,  
How blest the righteous when he dies."

WILBUR F. CRUMMER.

April 15<sup>th</sup> 1890

At Home

My dear Wilbur

We hope to hear soon  
that you are fully recovered  
from your late illness  
our daily prayer is that  
your health & precious  
life may be spared

## CHAPTER IX

### APPRECIATION OF MOTHER.

One of the most difficult tasks ever undertaken by the writer is to give an appreciation of her mother.

Difficult because of the impossibility to do the subject justice. Having failed to appreciate her in life as I should and as we all do, blessings, until they are taken from us, I gladly accept the opportunity to express in a feeble way my appreciation of her now. Being the youngest of a family of seven children, and as father has said, "born out of due season," mother made her home with me for nineteen years after father's death, and I can truly say was the most patient, unselfish, loving mother anyone ever had. She was so devoted to her Saviour and had such sturdy Christian principles.

She made it a practice to do personal work for the Master at every opportunity and surely has many jewels in her crown. Many

is the person she has persuaded to accept Christ and many the one to rise up and call her blessed.

Her habit of reading and committing scripture has been an example to her children and grandchildren.

She was of domestic nature, not caring for society farther than visiting with friends, owing to her pioneer life.

She was faithful in the observance of all Christian duties.

Her one aim in life seemed one of service to others, forgetful of self.

She surely heard the summons, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

HARRIET H. BLAKE.

## CHAPTER X

### DESCENDANTS OF REV. JOHN CRUMMER AND MARY S. CRUMMER

Seven children were born to them in the order named below with their descendants up to the close of 1915.

1. WILBUR F. CRUMMER. Born July 23, 1843. Married Mattie M. Olney in 1868. She died in 1898. Born to them: Mabel W., May 27, 1872.

Mabel W. married Louis F. Lattan in 1891. He died in 1912. Born to them: Dorris R. Lattan, Dec. 17, 1892.

WILBUR F., married a second time, to Emma C. Cushman in 1901. Born to them: Wilbur F., Jr., Nov. 25, 1903.

2. WELLINGTON W. CRUMMER. Born Sept. 20th, 1845. Drowned in Apple River, near Elizabeth, Ill., in 1866.

3. JOHN A. CRUMMER. Born Aug. 25th, 1848. Married Mary C. Pulley in 1869. She died Sept. 15th, 1905. Born to them: Wellington F., Feb. 9, 1870; Tillman O., Feb. 23, 1871, died in infancy; Lem Orian, Jan. 16, 1874; Ada B.,

March 16, 1876; Charles C., Sept. 3, 1877; Clara E., May 2, 1880; Raymond A., April 13, 1887; Lorenzo, Dec. 29, 1890.

Wellington F., married Ida Trenary in 1891. Born to them: Ellsworth, March 8, 1892; Loran, Nov. 15, 1897; Alda, Feb. 19, 1903.

Lem Orian married Mary Russell in 1900. Born to them: Lavona, July 28, 1901; Ralph, Nov. 10, 1903; John, Aug. 1, 1910.

Ada B. married William J. Saylor in 1897. Born to them: Dawson L., Nov. 16, 1902; Ruth, May 28, 1914.

Charles C. married Bessie Davis in 1904.

Clara E. married Amiel F. Johnson in 1915.

Raymond A. married Edla A. Gulgren in 1914.

Lorenzo married Cylinda Coburn in 1913. Born to them: Twin girls, Una and Ula, Sept. 4, 1914.

JOHN A. CRUMMER married a second time, to Mrs. Kate Henderson Melson in 1907.

4. FIDELIA A. CRUMMER. Born Jan. 29, 1852. Died Sept. 30, 1904. Married George W. Thomas in 1870. Born to them: Theodore Jay, June 11, 1871, died Nov. 15, 1873; Winona May, Nov. 30, 1875; Hattie Pearl, Jan. 24, 1878; Wilbur Roy, Feb. 1, 1880; Ada Mabel, April 16, 1882, died Aug. 27, 1882; Frank Eli, Oct. 4, 1883; Vollie W., May 21, 1885, died June 11, 1886; Maude Ethel, Jan. 22, 1888; Wellington Marion, Feb. 2, 1890.

Winona May married Everard R. Ward in 1891. Born to them: Laura Ona, March 25, 1893; Clifford Lacey, June 13, 1894; Raymond Orval, July 19, 1895; Bruce Oliver, Aug. 31, 1898.

Hattie Pearl married Ernest R. Beem in 1895. Born to them: Theodore Myrle, Jan. 8, 1897; Marvel Darlington, Sept. 3, 1898; Ernest Roscoe, Jr., July 4, 1903, died Sept. 27, 1908; Richard, Dec. 10, 1907.

Wilbur Roy married Elsie M. McFarland in 1905. Born to them: Hal M., April 29, 1907; Avanelle Tacoma, Dec. 6, 1910; George Carroll, Sept. 25, 1913.

Frank Eli married Josephine Keating in 1910.

Wellington Marion married Grace E. Harvey in 1912. Born to them: Gwenith Ethelyn, May 28, 1913; Marian Elizabeth, Sept. 8, 1915.

Laura Ona Ward married Geo. A. Newton in 1910. Born to them: James Ward, Dec. 29, 1913.

5. MARY E. CRUMMER. Born July 26, 1854. Married Nathaniel Herbert Halderman in 1875. Born to them: Hubert Frank, July 2, 1878; Nathaniel, July 6, 1881.

Nathaniel married Bessie Norton in 1906. Born to them: Norton H., Nov. 1, 1907; Nathaniel Herbert, Aug. 12, 1910.

6. ADA A. CRUMMER. Born Feb. 24, 1857. Married George C. Mastin in 1884.

7. HARRIET H. CRUMMER. Born Feb. 22, 1864. Married Denison O. Blake in 1887. Born to them: Wilbur H., Dec. 29, 1892; Paul C., June 6, 1898.

NOTE.—All of the descendants of Rev. John Crummer and Mary S. Crummer, are eligible to membership in the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Some are members now.

The following chain will aid in making proof of eligibility. Helmont Kellogg (1762-1848) served with the Connecticut troops in the American Revolution, and was a pensioner of the United States.

Austin Kellogg was his son (1792-1871).

Mary S. (1824-1910) was the daughter of Austin Kellogg and wife of Rev. John Crummer (1816-1890) and mother of the Crummer children.













